

THE  
WEESILS.

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A  
Satyrical Fable :

GIVING

An Account of some Argumental Passages hap-  
pening in the Lion's Court about *Weesils*  
taking the Oaths.

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*I tell thee Mufti, if the World were wise  
They would not wag one Finger in your Quarrels ;  
Your Heaven you Promise, but our Earth you covet ;  
The Phaetons of Mankind, who fire that World,  
Which you were sent by Preaching but to warm.*

Mr. Dryden in *Don Sebastian*

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London, Printed in the Year 1704.

THE

WEDNESDAY

Journal of the

OF THE

Account of the late ...  
being in the ...  
during the ...

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Printed in New York 1834



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THE  
W E E S I L S.

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The Argument of the first Section.

*Husband and Wife at Variance are  
About the Oathes, till Female Art  
Informs his Conscience, he must Swear,  
And brings him over to her part.*

SECTION

**N**EAR to an Ancient Famous House of Prayer,  
Where pious Rules were taught for many a year;  
Where the Knights Templers lie with Legs across,  
Expecting what may never come to pass;  
In a close Cell, secure from Storms of Fate  
Weefilion liv'd, in Matrimonial State;  
Lucky, and Learn'd, he bore no Cross in Life,  
Unless Mankind's Domestick Cross, a Wife;  
But in the Lion's Court was prosperous long,  
An Awful Bard, and reverenc'd was his Song;  
Of Stature tall, and of right Weefil Size,  
A Grace to all his Tribe, learn'd, pious, wise;  
In favour with his Prince above the rest,  
And had the knack of Preaching with the best;  
Passive Obedience own'd to Legal Power,  
And to defend it, true Allegiance swore.

It chanc'd the Lion for Oppressions laid  
On's Subjects, not long after was betray'd:

## *The Weefils.*

Sly Foxes first the Faction 'gan to spread,  
And then each free-born English Brute made Head;  
Tyrannick Sway resolving to subdue,  
They turn'd him out, and strait set up a new.

And now Obedience in a second Sphere,  
To their ador'd new Monarch does appear?  
Conscience Anatomiz'd in numbers was,  
For true Belief, for Quiet, and for Place;  
Whilst others the new Oaths would not receive,  
Because the Lion late depos'd did live;  
And tho from Pastoral Office dispossest,  
Thought Perjury improper for a Priest.

Amongst the Learned Ministerial Crew  
*Weefilion* was the first that thought this true,  
As suiting with the Argumental Lore,  
Which to the World he often taught before;  
And therefore as his tender Conscience us'd  
Still to direct him right, the Oaths refus'd,  
As thinking he should else be much in fault,  
And contradict the Doctrin he had taught:  
But his dear Wife, whose Heart was fond of Gain,  
And known a *Weefil* of another strain,  
Whose Worldly Thoughts still rather did incline  
To temporal Blessings than to Grace Divine,  
Perceiving that her Bacon did decrease,  
And that she miss'd her late supplies of Cheese;  
The Pye-crust lost that feasted her before,  
And all upon his starving Conscience score,  
Resolv'd, as th' Sex oft do to Men most wise,  
To work upon his fond uxorious Vice;  
And thus as if she felt some mighty Pang  
Of sudden Grief, began her first Harangue.

*Wife Weefil.* What signifies it, as our case now lies,  
That thou art thought of *Weefils* the most wise,  
That through our large Precinct art lov'd and fear'd.  
And my Lord Cat himself not more rever'd;  
(Tho Robes Episcopal much Reverence draw)  
To instruct and keep Parochial Mice in awe?



If Conscience bounds the Blessings of thy Life,  
Conscience may get thee Fame, but starve thy Wife:  
The Malecontents may cry thee up for good,  
But I shall have the lesser store of Food:  
And the least Vermin of the poorest Race,  
Whose Husband swears, will make me give her place:  
A thing that to our Sex more trouble draws,  
Than loss of Life, Religion, or the Laws.

*Hus. Weefil.* Take heed how solid Judgment you disgrace,  
You must consider, Dearest, on our case,  
What pains we take to tie our Flocks to Rules,  
And what hard shifts we make to bubble Fools:  
The wise begin to pry into our Trade,  
And many see what Blockheads they are made:  
You must not then my cautious Deeds revile,  
Because our state is lessened for a while:  
For yet e're I recant, 'tis fit I know  
Whether the Government will stand or no.

*Wife Weefil.* Your Scruple in this case is plain and clear,  
The Government well settled does appear,  
Which by your own late Tenets safe may bring  
Your true Allegiance unto any King.

*Hus. Weefil.* Opinions variously the Wife endite;  
Ne're build too much, Sweet-heart, on what I write;  
Thou art my own, and I may boldly say  
My Pen can travel this and t'other way,  
And Fallacies for Truths to Crowds make out,  
The Ignorant are ever most devout.

*Wife Weefil.* If Profit be your Aim, why won't you swear?  
Our Wants are great, and you know Winter's near.

*Hus. Weefil.* Tho my Preferments I retrieve again,  
My Conscience tells me 'tis a mighty sin.

*W. Weefil.* Does not your Conscience find the Scripture faith,  
Preferve thy self?

*Hus. Weefil.* Sweet-heart, you must have Faith.

*Wife Weefil.* Feed on your musty Morals if you please,  
A little Faith's good, with a little Cheese.

*The Weefils.*

I love Devotion well, as being your Wife,  
But good White Bread is still the staff of Life.

*Hus. Weefil.* Can you then murmur?

*Wife Weefil.* 'Tis in vain to sit

And think to feed upon your scraps of Wit;

I must lay up against a rainy Day,

And hoard a Stock, lest you are scratch'd away;

As with your own Diseases, and my draining

You quickly may, for you'r each day complaining;

And then perhaps at last you'll have the Grace

To Joynture me in your *Resistant* case;

Or else instead of Treasure will bequeath

Some *Practical Discourses about Death*;

But for a good support I may go seek,

If puking Conscience thus can make you squeak.

*Hus. Weefil.* Wouldst have a Clergyman be such a Wretch.

To have no Conscience!

*Wife Weefil.* None that would not stretch;

To be cramp'd with it is a sordid Fate,

And a worse pain than wearing Shoes too streight:

Conscience in all things should our Comfort be,

No wise Man lets it starve his Family.

*Hus. Weefil.* Yet *Job* had Patience.

*Wife Weefil.* *Job* was curs'd alone;

And tho he Patience had, his Wife had none;

The better part on's Family stood out,

Much more inclin'd to ease than be devout:

And if I should my secret Thoughts confess,

I find my self a little in her Case.

How many sayoury Bits were mine before?

No Weefil in the Town I'm sure had more:

Gammons and Marrow-Puddings my delight;

Besides Bribe-pyes when-ever you did write;

With Visitants still throng'd, the Hind, the Hare,

Councillor Fox, and my great Lord the Bear,

But now no Bruit of Fashion e're comes here,

Unless a sullen Male-contented Crew,

That having lost their Tales, would have yours too.



## *The Weefils.*

*Hus. Weefil.* 'Tis fit we should on Providence depend,  
Which in its own due time will Succour lend;  
To that with modest Patience let us fix.

*Wife Weefil.* But the mean time I want my Coach and fix.  
The Neighboring Wives already slight me too,  
Juttle to the Wall, and take the Upper Pew.

*Hus. Weefil.* Your Heart, Religion, to be humble, shews.

*Wife Weefil.* A Coach, a Treat, a Title, and fine Cloathes,  
Is all th' Religion that a Woman knows.

Therefore if my Contentment you hold dear,  
Redeem your Loss, and if you love me, Swear.

*Hus. Weefil.* Suppose I should, what would the Subject say,  
That I thus long have seem'd to disobey?

*Wife Weefil.* The Subjects are a Crew of little Mice,  
Rich drowsie Moles, blunt Rats, and Bruits unwise;  
You Clergy top upon them all with ease,  
Your Name will quash a thousand when you please;  
Write 'em your Reasons, pop some Logick in't,  
'Twill get at least Ten Pound a Sheet for Print?  
Tell 'em your Prudent Part was then disarm'd,  
And that you're ne're too wise to be inform'd.  
They'll then agree you only were mistaken.

*Hus. Weefil.* No, they'll conclude I do't to save my Bacon.

*Wife Weefil.* Though that one Reason is enough, by Jove  
You're safe, because 'tis more than they can prove:  
Why, is it strange you should past Errors see?  
To be infallible is Popery.

Come, come, Sweet-hart, you must resolve upon't;  
Must I give place, Is't fit that I should want?

*Hus. Weefil.* Consider if I should your Wishes Crown,  
What a strange Noise 'twould make about the Town,  
How many galling Censures must I bear?

*Wife Weefil.* What's Censure, to six hundred Pounds a year?

*Hus. Weefil.* That's true, but yet the headlong Multitude,  
Seeing thee pass along may be so rude  
To point and laugh in Scorn.

*Wife Weefil.* I'll take a Chair,  
And shew my Motion in an higher Sphere.

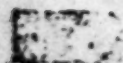
Come,

Come, come, excuse is vain, this Oath must be,  
If you intend to live in peace with me.

*Hus. Weefil.* How much unable was Mankind decreed  
To contradict, when Love and Beauty plead?  
Strict Conscience o're our Souls has mighty Power,  
But yet alas! dear Womankind has more:  
I'll do't, and to excuse my Error better,  
Lay all the Fault upon my Human Nature.

*Wife Weefil.* Not so, but use your Sophistry agen,  
Amuse the Town with Notions from your Pen;  
Preach on, look gravely, that still Credit draws;  
If you own Frailty, you give up the Cause.

At this *Weefilion* with a close embrace  
Seal'd his Resolve upon her charming Face;  
And to oblige her, without more delay,  
Resolv'd to swear Allegiance the next day,  
Which was perform'd, and round the Lions Court  
The News the Beasts did variously report;  
The Bulls and Horses shew their different sense,  
Th' one spoke him perjur'd, t' other in's defence:  
But on his Spouse's side the Cows and Mares  
Were resolute, as if the Case was theirs;  
Who now (Piercerments being all return'd)  
No longer for her late Misfortunes mourn'd;  
But pleas'd and jocund flaunts it up and down,  
The happiest briskest Weefil in the Town.



*The End of the First Section.*



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# THE WEEFILS.

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## The Argument of the second Section.

*A Weefil of his former Flock,  
Our Convert's Double-dealing shews,  
Who patiently receives the Shock,  
And lays the Fault upon his Sponse.*

### S E C T. II.

**A**ND now *Weefilion* was in prosperous state,  
And daily expectation to be great:  
His Wife too, in her Cock'd Comode well dress'd,  
And richest Silks, can rustle with the best;  
When yet some *Weefils* of a former Herd,  
His Neighbouring Friends before he was prefer'd,  
Perceiving that his Doctrin different was,  
From what he taught 'em in another place,  
With daily Grumblings vex, from time to time,  
The wav'ring Brute, for his Apostate Crime:  
All doubting much the safety of their Souls,  
That had depended on his former Sermons;  
Mongst whom a *Weefil* of a weightier Brain  
Than generally the Party did retain,  
Remembring what he late had heard him say,  
*And now had seen him smear another way,*  
A Friendly Visit made, to state the Cause,  
And find if he were utterly past Grace.

*Weeflion*, tho he late had been much teiz'd,  
And was not with more Disputants well pleas'd;  
Yet with a chearful Look invites him in,  
When thus the Stranger does his Tale begin.

*Visitant W.* What crack-brain'd Whimfie have you lately done?  
What can you mean by Preaching pro & con?  
Strangely mistaking thus your Reverend Place,  
And bringing your whole Function in disgrace:  
Can you believe that you are grown so wise,  
To charm our Senses, and blind all our Eyes;  
And that we are so stupid all of late,  
That none can see how you prevaricate;  
And with slight Sophistry and shallow Rules,  
Top and impose upon us all like Fools;  
One while affirm, *We may resist a King*;  
*Another, contradict the self same thing*,  
Disguising streight what now your sense unfolds,  
As if you plaid the Jugler with our Souls;  
By which Proceedings all we can remark,  
Is, you design to leave us in the dark;  
And to our Judgments make those Tenets vain  
In th' Temple, which you taught in *Buttolph-Lane*;  
Else why this Turn of Humour?

*Hus. Weefel.* Hear me speak,  
And then you will not think this Turn a Freak:  
'Tis Conscience which can never add to Crimes,  
That makes our Doctrins alter with the Times;  
Th' unhappy Land with Blood might over-flow,  
If we should Preach now as some years ago;  
'Tis our Profession still to calm the vex.

*Visitant W.* And as the Nation veers to turn your Text:  
How e're unlike this your Profession be,  
That 'tis your Topick now we plainly see;  
You leave true Sense and Reason in the Lurch,  
And yet pretend 'tis to support the Church;  
That Conscience prompts you to promote a Peace;  
You'd better own self-interest in the Case,

And



## *The Weefils.*

And that you contradict your former Rules,  
Only because you took us all for Fools.

*But who the Devil, if this be your way,*  
*Will ever value what you Preach or Pray?*  
*For if your Doctrin now in truth excels,*  
*By consequence the former must be false,*  
And all the Notions you did late avow,  
Dash'd and exploded by your Reasons now.  
How oft alas! have I been one of those,  
On whom you long did formerly Impose?  
How oft have argued what you gravely taught,  
Which you as gravely now prove good for naught;  
Altho' perhaps I've laid my Soul upon't,  
Eccho'd your Stuff, and justified your Cant;  
And would have laid my Wives and Childrens to  
On knotty Points you ty'd, and now undo.

*Hus. Weefil.* These angry things are fit for all to say,  
That are but little knowing in our way;  
When once the Flock can give the Pastor Rules,  
The Ignorant are wise, th' Instructors Fools:  
We oft Designs Political must own,  
As well as pious Rules, t' instruct the Town;  
Your sense runs all upon Soul-saving Graces,  
Ours is sometimes on Titles, and on Places;  
For if we must explain all things we do,  
We are not the Instructors then, but you;  
Besides you Err in your Imagination,  
For tho my Doctrins upon that occasion,  
With others are not rightly understood,  
They in one point agree, for all are good;  
And you as wholsom Rules might learn from thence;  
As the Case stood, as from my Reasons since.

*Vis. W.* There lies the Fallacy with which you cheat,  
You never gave us your true Reasons yet.  
You'd have us think 'twas Conscience made you swear;  
Conscience, alas! was the least Motive there;

*For.*

For Conscience working when your Cause was strong,  
 No Cause gave to defer the Oath so long;  
 Another Motive more your Sense amuz'd,  
 That Ireland was in doubt to be reduc'd,  
 The Government not settled, and the scorn  
 You'd bear, if the late Lion should return.  
 Conquest unsure made you refuse before,  
 But when you found we were in hopes, you swore.

*Hus. Weefil.* Let vulgar Insolents think what they please,  
 I best can tell what gave my Conscience ease,  
 I found one Book that the Case plain express'd.

*Vis. Weefil.* Faith, then let me advise, burn all the rest:  
 If you have read thus long, and are taught now  
 By one, what in this point you ought to do,  
 Leave off to study, and be rul'd by me,  
 Turn and begin again at A B C.

*Hus. Weefil.* Should any think Instruction out of season?

*Vis. Weefil.* Could any Man of Sense give such a Reason?  
 Especially where Free-will is his own,  
 No strict Commands, nor Impositions known;  
 The Gracious Lion lets our Consciences  
 Lie close, or else dilated as we please;  
 When tho his Power may remand a place,  
 He never touches our Spiritual Case,  
 But fairly lets us swear, or disobey;  
 Stand out for Conscience, or come in for Pay.

*Hus. Weefil.* Altho he does not force, he may require.

*Vis. Weefil.* Ah, that's a thing we find you all desire;  
 Spite of Devotion we can see an Itch  
 In Sanctity, still longing to be rich;  
 And though the Scripture has confirm'd it true,  
 That no one can serve God and Mammon too;  
 Yet the Long Robe, in all their strictest Zeal,  
 I find by you the Misers Murrain feel;  
 Gold on the craying Bosom of a Priest  
 Adorns his *Urim* and his *Thummim* best;  
 And Gold 'tis thought by all your Neighbours round  
 Inform'd your Faith more than the Book you found.



*Hus. Weefil.* Pritheeno more, I'm teez'd enough already.

*Vis. Weefil.* Your Tribe should all be in Opinion steady:  
Not turn and wind for Title and for Place,  
Nor covet Wealth, but in spiritual Grace;  
The Gifts of Mammon you should ne're implore,  
Nor wish for Gold, unless to give the Poor;  
It makes your Trade contemptible appear,  
Less follow'd too, and look'd into more near:  
For if all those that sell us Paradise  
Must have their shares of every Human Vice,  
They shall cant long enough e're I believe,  
Or pin my Soul's Salvation on their Sleeve.  
But come, to leave all Fallacies and Tricks,  
Swear as if 'twere upon a Crucifix,  
Declare, as you would merit to be blest'd,  
Why you refus'd so long, why swore at last;  
Was not a Female Serpent in the case?  
Was't not your Wife?

*Hus. Weefil.* To say the Truth, it was; [*weeping*]  
Profit with Argument my Heart did win,  
Fix'd my long wavering Faith, and drew me in;  
Her flowing Reasons mine in Publick brought.

*Vis. Weefil.* And to deal plainly with thee, so 'tis thought;  
Her elbing Stores did this Desire inflame,  
She wanted Counters too to play at Pam;  
And Toys and Treats, and Trappings for the Head,  
These Knacks set you a swearing.

*Hus. Weefil.* Yes indeed,  
The purest work of Nature's Artful Hand  
Winning my Heart, did soon my Sense command;  
Nor had I power to deny my Eve,  
No more than he whom she did first deceive.

*Vis. Weefil.* Worst work of Heaven's Creation! How much ill  
In every Age is done by Woman still?  
Born to destroy, by Nature dress'd for sin,  
Their Soul's their outward Form, they've none within:  
To be impos'd on by a Female Brain  
Exalts your Fault, and makes Excuse more vain:

To each proud Dame you give Example now,  
They'd fain rebel, and you have shewn them how:  
They'l always quote your Reasons as sublime,  
And Cuckoldom's entail'd upon your Crime:  
Courage, they cry, let's make the Men obey,  
Mark how the D----r's Wife has led the way.  
Thus you not only Disobedience draw  
From them, but set us up a Salique Law,  
But almost make us leave our Souls in th' Lurch,  
By bringing a just Scandal on the Church.

*Hus. Weefil.* My Reasons shall hereafter be more strong,  
Scandal you know is ne're but seven days long;  
Tho Pamphlets now the Vulgar dare repeat,  
The Tone will alter'd be when I am great;  
And then I shall in a right Posture be  
To do my Friends some good, and some to thee.

*Vis. Weefil.* If Temporal Good you mean, with all my Heart,  
But I'll ne're trust again your Preaching Art.  
Pursue your Work, gain the Pontifick Field,  
Advance the Mitre, and the Crozier Wield;  
But may I be of all Male rights disarm'd,  
If ever I come t'ye to be confirm'd.

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POST.



## POSTSCRIPT.

**I**Nstead of a Preface I only shall let you know, That I have a Veneration for the Church of England and Monarchical Government; and only presume to give this little Jerk to some, who, I am afraid, byas'd by Interest, either wink at, or absolutely forget her admirable, tho plain Principles.

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**F I N I S.**